

PS

3535

02657

1913

# POEMS



VICTOR ROBINSON





# POEMS

*THE WRITINGS OF  
VICTOR ROBINSON*

---

GODWIN AND MARY WOLLSTONE-  
CRAFT (1907)

COMRADE KROPOTKIN (1908)

A SYMPOSIUM ON HUMANITARIANS  
(1909)

AN ESSAY ON HASHEESH (1912)

PATHFINDERS IN MEDICINE (1912)

POEMS (1913)

# P O E M S

BY

VICTOR ROBINSON

11

THE ALTRURIANS

12 MOUNT MORRIS PARK WEST

NEW YORK CITY

1913

PS 3535  
.02657  
1913

Copyright, 1913  
By THE ALTRURIANS

~~TRANSFERRED FROM  
COPYRIGHT OFFICE  
JAN 6 1914~~

NOTE

Poems in this collection have appeared in *Life*, *The Brooklyn Eagle*, *The Photographic Times*, etc.

no. 1  
OCT 21 1914

©CLA397868

## TO CHARLES RECHT

*My dear Charles:*

We both profess to love Literature; nevertheless, you have become an attorney, and I have strayed in the fields of science. But while I am content to complacently regard you as a lawyer with a literary attachment, you seem to consider my devotion to Hippocrates an apostasy to the Muse.

Indeed, you recently addressed a note to me, containing these gentle sentiments:

“Pestilence on thee, thou arrogant, feelingless, insipid knave. May you yet become famous for the discovery of some damned bug—for there can be no greater punishment than to scale the heights of Helicon, not on glorious Pegasus, but on bugs, just bugs. Shades of Keats and Shelley! Oh, Bacchus, hold my sides, for I will laugh myself to death at the sight of Victor Robinson climbing Olympus on the back of a slow-moving ugly bug . . .”

In order that you may judge whether or not your letter is libelous, I present you these poems, most of which were written since the receipt of your Bull of Excommunication.





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . . .	9
ARCADY . . . . .	10
A RUSSIAN SONG . . . . .	11
THE CAUCASUS . . . . .	12
THE BLUE GROTTTO OF CAPRI . . . . .	13
✓ HASHEESH . . . . .	14
THE UNEMBELLISHED ONE . . . . .	15
THE MOTHER . . . . .	16
A CHILD'S SONG . . . . .	17
TO LITTLE MARCELLA . . . . .	18
SUPERSTITION . . . . .	19
SUNSET . . . . .	20
JOHN KEATS . . . . .	21
TO THE SAME . . . . .	22
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR . . . . .	23
AFTER READING STRINDBERG . . . . .	24
ERNST HAECKEL . . . . .	25
INGERSOLL . . . . .	26
DR ABRAHAM JACOBI . . . . .	27
DR MARY PUTNAM . . . . .	28
ALLA NAZIMOVA . . . . .	29
HUGH OWEN PENTECOST . . . . .	30
AN EPITAPH . . . . .	32
THE PASSING OF GERSHUNI . . . . .	33
GENERAL JACOB SMITH . . . . .	34
A DEDICATION . . . . .	36

	PAGE
WITH WALT WHITMAN . . . . .	37
AT LEUCADIA . . . . .	38
ANACREON . . . . .	39
RAG-TIME . . . . .	40
✓ TUBERCULOSIS . . . . .	41
VIRTUE . . . . .	42
THE PAST . . . . .	43
PHOTOGRAPHY . . . . .	45
THE FIRST KISS . . . . .	46
AFTER THE QUARREL . . . . .	47
REPENTANCE . . . . .	48
A RONDELET . . . . .	50
A RONDEAU . . . . .	51
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA . . . . .	52
THE BARGAIN OF FAUST . . . . .	53
ATLAS . . . . .	54
SPRING AND SADNESS . . . . .	55
IN SPRING . . . . .	56
THE CROSS OF SCORN . . . . .	57
To ——— . . . . .	58
YOUTH . . . . .	59
A WITHERED ROSE . . . . .	60
A PETITION . . . . .	61
FINIS . . . . .	63

# I

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

ON Christmas eve, within the tenement,  
The widowed mother heard her children pray:  
"O loving God, O please on Christmas-day,  
Tell Santa Claus we want a bundle sent;  
We hang our stockings up, and sleep content."

The woman heard their faith with wild dismay,  
An empty purse cannot for playthings pay,  
And all her coin had gone for food and rent.

So Christmas came. The little children woke,  
And rushed to find the prayed-for doll and drum,  
Then silent stood, with disappointment wrung;  
While in her chair, as if her heart had broke,  
The mother sat with mother's anguish dumb,  
And up above, the empty stockings hung.

## II

### ARCADY

FROM this unsympathetic town of trade,  
Where men are unresponsive as their gold,  
Where serfs are overworked and underpaid,  
And even love is daily bought and sold —  
Where tooting Triton's horn is never heard,  
Where Pan's idyllic pipes are strangely still,  
And philomel, the bard's immortal bird  
Is rarely seen at eve on mossy hill —  
Let me escape and swiftly speed away  
To Arcady, the land of my desire,  
Where lovely naiads, decked with garlands gay,  
Applaud the great Apollo's golden lyre,  
While Iacchus, beneath his leafy shrine,  
Entreats these nymphs to sip his nectared wine.

### III

#### A RUSSIAN SONG

**I**TS ardent mate the linnet calls,  
To serenade the evening star,  
But strong and cold are granite walls,  
And merciless is Russia's czar.

The iron doors shut out the bird,  
I cannot hear an insect hum,  
But how my youthful blood is stirred,  
Because the April days have come!

Last night I dreamt of Catharine,  
Her girlish voice I seemed to hear,  
And when I played the violin,  
She silent grew, and came more near. . .

Awake! for me the exile's snow —  
Ossinsky's child should not repine,  
But ah, once more before I go,  
If I could feel her lips on mine!

## IV

### THE CAUCASUS

AND the eagles soar  
To the clouds on high,  
And the torrents roar  
With a mighty cry,  
And the whirlwinds scowl  
At the mountain-pass,  
And the bisons howl  
In their throaty bass,  
And the jackals turn  
On the murdered thing,  
And the fires burn  
In the naphtha spring,  
And the leopards leap  
O'er the lonely sand,  
And the summits weep  
For a human hand,  
And the lightnings flash  
With a golden rain,  
And the thunders crash  
Like a god in pain,  
And the horses prance  
To the Sable Sea,  
And the maidens glance  
At a youth like me.

V

THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI

WITHIN a cryptic cave,  
 Where neither wind nor wave,  
 Will ever roll or rave —  
 In sapphire-tinged Capri,  
 There flows an azure sea  
 Of lapis lazuli.

Beyond the ocean's noise,  
 Like one of Neptune's toys,  
 A watery turquoise —  
 Ethereal the hue,  
 More delicate the blue  
 Than hyacinth e'er knew.

A poet's palace where  
 A mermaid young and fair,  
 Might comb her golden hair —  
 Except on Naples' Bay  
 Such joys will never stay,  
 Like dreams they float away.

## VI

### HASHEESH

**N**EAR Punjab and Pab, in Sutlej and Sind,  
 Where the cobras-di-capello abound,  
 Where the poppy, palm and the tamarind,  
 With cummin and ginger festoon the ground —  
 And the capsicum fields are all abloom,  
 From the hills above to the vales below,  
 Entrancing the air with a rich perfume,  
 There too does the greenish Cannabis grow:  
 Inflaming the blood with the living fire,  
 Till the burning joys like the eagles rise,  
 And the pulses throb with a strange desire,  
 While passion awakes with a wild surprise: —  
 O to eat that drug, and to dream all day,  
 Of the maids that live by the Bengal Bay!



## VII

### THE UNEMBELLISHED ONE

**D**RAPE me with a fig-leaf, said Prudery.  
Decorate me with epaulets, said Mediocrity.  
Clothe me in the dress of righteousness, said Sin.  
Deck me with the garments of innocence, said Vice.  
Put sincerity's gown upon my shoulders, said Deceit.  
Place the crown of fidelity on my brow, said Dis-  
loyalty.  
Cover me with the draperies of love, said Lust.  
Give me the staff of tolerance, said Persecution.  
Adorn me with the cloak of liberty, said Tyranny.  
Beautify me with the dress of duty, said Irresponsi-  
bility.  
Garb me with the habiliments of humility, said Pride.  
Then Truth said: Let me be naked and unashamed.

## VIII

### THE MOTHER

**S**HE sang unto her babe alone,  
In voice untrained and wrong,  
But ah! her face in glory shone,  
And was the sweetest song.

## IX

### A CHILD'S SONG

O CALL unto the pigeons,  
For they will come to thee,  
The soft and sister pigeons,  
That coo so lovingly;  
Then touch these tender pigeons,  
For such a baby should  
Embrace all gentle pigeons,  
And teach them to be good.

O walk among the lilies,  
The flowers fair and pale,  
The white and virgin lilies,  
That glorify the vale;  
Among the modest lilies,  
That grace the lowly moor,  
O look upon the lilies,  
And teach them to be pure.

## TO LITTLE MARCELLA

WITH scant propriety,  
From table manners free,  
No warnings ever learned,  
With customs unconcerned,  
A life that knows no rest,  
From noise and vim and jest;  
With nimble hand and quick,  
This modern Alaric,  
Destroys with careless whack,  
Italian bric-a-brac —  
Unfettered, laughing, wild,  
Like Nature's untamed child.

When older you will grow  
A dozen years or so,  
No longer bold and wild,  
But Fashion's careful child,  
With manners prim and staid,  
In evening gowns arrayed,  
With many rules beset,  
Much learned in etiquette,  
A parlor's proper queen,  
Sedate at seventeen —  
Then learn from cousin's rhyme,  
How you behaved one time.

XI

SUPERSTITION

**A** SUPERSTITION overthrown,  
    May raise again its head,  
But superstition once outgrown,  
    Remains forever dead.

## XII

### SUNSET

I DREAM vague dreams of long ago,  
And yearning stirs and overfills,  
At twilight time, when sad and slow,  
The sun goes down behind the hills.

For once primeval man in awe,  
When first his eyes had found the west,  
Upon a mountain stood and saw  
The sun at evening seek its rest.

### XIII

#### JOHN KEATS

**I** SAT last night before my library,  
Dreaming fondly of all my precious tomes,  
Musing on ancient and on modern poems,  
When chancing to think of Melpomene,  
There trooped into my sorrow-stricken mind,  
An olden thought which still its pang repeats:  
The fevered life and tragic fate of Keats,  
With Blackwood cruel and Fanny Brawne un-  
kind.—

But then there came another thought more blest,  
That tho all Britain on him poured its bile,  
From cobbler Gifford to Scott and Carlyle,  
In Thessaly, pronounced an honored guest,  
He strode thru laurels that his song had won,  
To be acclaimed Apollo's gifted son.

## XIV

### TO THE SAME

**I**N Rome, in yonder secluded hollow,  
Where virginal flowers tenderly creep,  
And mournful-eyed daisies silently weep,  
Lies the best-beloved boy of Apollo.  
From Flora he received a fragrant stem,  
And magic wings from Hermes' flying feet,  
And Phoebus gave to him a diadem,  
And Arcadian Pan a woodland seat;  
Shy Dian, whom no artifice could win,  
Who let no radiant youth pursue her,  
Nor e'en the glorious gods to woo her,  
Exposed her tender self undraped to him.  
Unmourned by unpoetic earth he died,  
But nightingales among the roses cried.



XV

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

**C**HILD of a race which is cursed with a brand  
Crueler than that which marked the brow of  
Cain,

Toiling for ages with physical hand,  
But leaving untouched the reasoning brain.  
Yet thou, O Dunbar, wert caressed by one  
Who beckons only genius to her side,  
Who touched the lips of Keats and Chatterton,  
And like these too in youthful days you died.  
But first you sang those dulcet Afric songs,  
All tinged with gentle Poesy's golden glow,  
Breathing the plaintive airs of negro wrongs,  
Lyrics of the humble and of the low.  
On Olympia's scroll thy name is writ,  
Safe from racial taunts and the rabble's wit.

## XVI

### AFTER READING STRINDBERG

**I** FEEL myself upon the rack,  
My heart which should be strong is white,  
My soul which should be pure is black,  
I should say much but cannot write.

## XVII

ERNST HAECKEL

**R**EJOICE that he lived not in Calvin's time,  
When philosophic men endured the stake,  
And systematic thought was deemed a crime,  
And Bruno died for Observation's sake.  
His lot was cast in those happier days,  
When noble Science, raising up her head,  
Enriched herself in Darwinian rays,  
And cried aloud, I live and am not dead.  
From Reason's sky is shining Haeckel's name,  
And Torquemadas cannot rack his bones,  
Nor torture him with iron boot and flame,  
Altho in Rome itself in daring tones  
He spoke of Progress, and to all the world  
The Banner of Monistic Truth unfurled.

## XVIII

### INGERSOLL

**T**O courts the poet laureate may sing  
His servile rhymes, and tune his fawning  
lays,

While we for better men have better praise,  
And chant no odes to please a worthless king.

But he who smote the armaments of wrong  
To pierce the veil of superstition's night,  
And swung thruout the dark the lamp of light,  
Deserves indeed the poet's highest song.

Long years he sought the Truth and stood alone,  
Yet scorned to count the private loss or gain,  
But broke the ancient links of legend's chain,  
And laughed Jehovah off his vengeful throne.

The human race to Freedom's land he led,  
And as he wrought, beneath his eyelids fell  
The tears that quenched the flames of Calvin's hell,  
And set the star of mercy there instead.

## XIX

### DR ABRAHAM JACOBI

WITHIN the darkened room he slowly stept,  
Where lay the sickly child that none could  
save,

And when he saw the case, his heart misgave  
That he could help; for long had fever crept  
Among its limbs, and tho its mother wept,  
Disease had brought the cradle near the grave;  
But thru the night, all patiently and brave,  
The great physician worked — and no one slept.

And then, as oft before, he fed the flame  
Of life, till convalescence did begin . . .  
From out the darkened room Jacobi came,  
The maddened mother followed from within —  
The child will live, the doctor's looks proclaim,  
To anxious eyes that drink the meaning in.

## DR MARY PUTNAM

SHE walks no more the crowded mart,  
Nor sails to France across the seas,  
This sister of the healing art,  
This daughter of Hippocrates.

Here is her room — hold up the light —  
Here climb the steps she used to tread,  
Alas, she is not home to-night,  
But sleeps upon a distant bed.

Her office hears no step of late,  
The sign is taken from the sill,  
And invalids refuse to wait  
For one whose hand has lost its skill.

So wise thy brain, so kind thy heart,  
We mourn thy death on bended knees,  
Thou sister of the healing art,  
O daughter of Hippocrates!

XXI

ALLA NAZIMOVA

ACTRESS, there is more beauty in thy voice,  
Than I had thought to hear in present day,  
And ceaselessly my spirit does rejoice  
To see before mine eyes a living fay.

Art's garland rests upon thy classic brow,  
Entranced, I dream again of Greece and Rome,  
For ne'er has breathed a nymph more fair than thou,  
Not she, who slowly stepped from out the foam.

## HUGH OWEN PENTECOST

WHEN Pentecost shall breathe his last,  
    Outstretched upon the final bed,  
The Press will not record his past,  
    The People will not mourn their dead.

For Pentecost has won no place  
    Upon the scroll of public fame;  
And future ages will not trace  
    His words, his thoughts, his deeds, his name.

But we who know what spirit burns  
    Within his longing throbbing breast,  
Who know for what his being yearns,  
    Enlink his name with Freedom's best.

We've watched him speak the burning word,  
    Against an ancient custom hurled,  
We've seen him scorn the human herd,  
    And rise serene against a world.

A fighter's soul, and yet so bland,  
    Denouncing gods, defying laws,  
With new ideas he takes his stand,  
    E'en tho he lose a world's applause.

Iconoclast, unbound, unchained,  
    So far from old and musty rules,  
O Freedom's son, what have you gained,  
    By losing hoary cults and schools?



You've gained a spirit unconfined,  
That roams the earth without a chain,  
You've gained a free unfettered mind,  
Which laughs to scorn the creeds inane.

You've gained the right to speak for man;  
To weep for babes in cotton-mills;  
To plead for girls, who sick and wan,  
Still ply the deadly trade that kills.

By Albert Parsons' side you stand,  
And Lingg, and all who've gained the right,  
To hold aloft thruout the land,  
Pure Freedom's great and holy light.

XXIII

AN EPITAPH

TOO suddenly by Time's keen sickle mown,  
Was not our gentle George too young to die?  
Ah Death, what made you carve so soon this stone?  
Why question Fate, when Fate will not reply?

Humane to all, but best to babes and wife,  
Unselfish George, thru many weary years,  
Will memory recall your faultless life,  
And strew this spot with endless love and tears.

## XXIV

### THE PASSING OF GERSHUNI

WE hear the voice of Freedom weeping,  
    Upon her heart a mighty blow,  
She looks upon Gershuni sleeping,  
    The great Conspirator is low.

To-day the Cossack's knout is longer,  
    To-day the hangman's rope is thick,  
To-day the despot's throne is stronger,  
    To-day the exile's heart is sick.

O dreadful wound that knows no healing,  
    And after years shall leave its scar,  
While meantime Russia must be kneeling,  
    At feet of Krushevan and Czar.

## GENERAL JACOB SMITH

I 'M off to be a hero proud,  
For men will call me great,  
When with the shriek of bullets loud,  
The foe I desolate.

I'll paint the Philippinos red  
With Yankee-Doodle's fire;  
I'll crowd Manila's shore with dead,  
And trample on desire.

And I will shoot all over ten,  
And crush rebellion sure,  
By torturing the bolo-men,  
With Hell-Jake's water-cure.

With death the brownies will I mate,  
And make the cannon roar;  
I'll slay with patriotic hate,  
Those I've not seen before.

Exultingly the men we'll kill,  
And women we will rape,  
As on we march from hill to hill,  
And sail from cape to cape.

Now by my Mauser-loving host,  
So many men shall bleed,  
That Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Will bless my valiant deed.

And when their homes I desecrate,  
With whizzing bullets loud,  
My Uncle Sam will hail me great,  
A man of whom he's proud.

XXVI

A DEDICATION

**T**O you I love, yet never met,  
The perfect girl I never met,  
Oh all my life I sought for you,  
I dedicate my book to you.

Your ancestry I do not know,  
Your name and age I do not know,  
But since a child I dreamt of you,  
I consecrate my songs to you.

To-day my life is incomplete,  
It always has been incomplete,  
For I have looked in vain for you,  
But now I send my poems to you.

XXVII

WITH WALT WHITMAN

I WONDER if your bosom fills  
In thinking of a maple tree,  
And one sweet day upon the hills,—  
The hills which overlook the sea.

O tell me if you ever dream  
Of that blessed time beneath the tree,  
Of that dear day of golden gleam,  
In which you read Old Walt to me?

Ah Maiden of the deep brown eyes,  
And Maiden of the gentle voice,  
We spent a day beneath the skies,  
In which you read to me my choice!

To feel your breath beneath the trees,  
A day of Walt and you and me,  
O whisper thru the summer breeze,  
If that was not a trinity?

XXVIII

AT LEUCADIA

I MUSED upon my sister's fate,  
Who many years ago,  
Because her Phaon would not mate,  
Embraced the depths below.

I too have thought, O rocky steep,  
From off your silent height,  
To spring into the lonely deep,  
And sink far out of sight.



## XXIX

### ANACREON

THE Teian strikes his lyre and sings  
Of life's enchanting goal,  
And out there steps a lad who brings  
To him the sparkling bowl.

The Teian turns from Vulcan stern,  
His odes are not of war,  
He only cares of joy to learn,  
And maidens to adore.

His only saint is Cupid sweet,  
His only shrine is love,  
He worships but at woman's feet,  
And knows no gods above.

His chants are filled with blushing girls,  
The lines are sweet with kiss,  
They are entwined with charming curls,  
And overflow with bliss.

His songs are warm with pressing arms,  
They swoon with lovely dreams,  
They palpitate with female charms,  
And amatory themes.

Dear bard, we hope your songs ne'er cease,  
For they exult no war,  
But tell of wine and love and peace,  
And women we adore.

XXX

RAG-TIME

A RAG-TIME tune of love in June  
Came floating down the street,  
Where Madge and I, had said good-by,  
And planned no more to meet.

But such a tune will soften soon  
A lyric-hearted pair,  
And Madge and I, we won't deny,  
Have sentiment to spare.

Behind the door of someone's store  
We stole like morning mist;  
My arm embraced her shapely waist,  
And so we softly kissed.

XXXI

TUBERCULOSIS

**A** GAIN the doleful Fall is here,  
And thru the lifeless grove,  
Where sleep the leaves decayed and sere,  
Without my friend I rove.

It is a year since she is dead,  
She died when Autumn came,  
When all the trees their glory shed,  
And fields were filled with pain.

I can't forget a night in June,  
We walked upon these lands,  
And Mary hummed a tender tune,  
While we were holding hands.

That jingling lilting song contained  
A hint no lad would miss,  
And on her hair and face I rained  
The lover's thirsty kiss.

O dying days, you've come once more,  
And mournful leaves are shed,  
O Great White Plague, upon what shore,  
Have you outlaid her bed?

XXXII

VIRTUE

GOOD-BY, and come no more to me,  
Too long you've tarried here;  
You must not speak of love to me,  
For I am married, dear.

I've sold myself for room and board,  
What can I know of Love?  
Below I serve an earthly lord,  
And worship One above.

If Custom's grip were not so great,  
I would my heart obey;  
I'd leave at once the man I hate,  
And go with you to-day.

But never could I stand the frown;  
I could not bear the jeer;  
The Christian look would drag me down;  
So you must leave me here.

Ah, never come again to me,  
Too long you've lingered now,  
You should not speak of love to me,  
For I must keep my vow.

### XXXIII

#### THE PAST

A<sup>H</sup> well, I guess I better rise,  
It really does no good to weep,  
It's time to wipe my reddened eyes,  
And seek repose in drowsy sleep.

I've lain beneath the setting sun  
And watched my tears like rivers roll,  
And sorrowfully thought of one  
Whom Martha loved with all her soul.

They lived a year as man and wife,  
Until he grew dissatisfied . . .  
Then friends despaired of Martha's life,  
And asked each morn if she had died.

Ten times she begged for suicide,  
And shrieked as one of sense bereft,  
And tossed so much from side to side,  
They thought it strange that breath was left.

But after many days had fled,  
She held my hands and kissed my face,  
And even laughed and softly said  
I filled her fickle lover's place.

Now there are days when breast to breast,  
We stay all morn and noon and eve,  
But there are times I think it best  
Her cold disdain to quickly leave.

And then I cry beneath the tree,  
And ask of it by night and day —  
O does she give her love to me,  
Or to the man who ran away?

## XXXIV

### PHOTOGRAPHY

THE light that shines by day, uplit the scene,  
While glowed with warmth the open esplanade,  
Imparting joy to that Arcadic maid  
Who romped with me across the bright terrene,  
And down the sloping vales that intervene,—  
Till languid from the heat, she sought the shade,  
Unloosed her hair as if in masquerade,  
And sat beneath the cooling evergreen.

I stood ten paces off and watched her pose:  
The camera I took, the focus set,  
The crystal finder did her charms disclose,—  
(She stretched her hand to pluck a violet),  
I pressed the bulb, and rapidly she rose,  
And years have passed — but I can see her yet.

## THE FIRST KISS

ALL night I've lain awake in thought, and yet —  
Who can explain that strangely sweet surprise?

With hopes that dared not hope I sought your eyes,

When came the miracle — our warm lips met;

Then timidly, as shrinks the violet,

You shrank from me, and I could but surmise,

Altho that pristine kiss did canonize

My life, that you the deed did half regret.

But I'm a man, and ardent ecstasy

Aroused my blood, which swelled with joy and pride —

Ah, never did I dream that this could be,

For I am hallowed now and sanctified,

O heart of mine, here is a memory

At last, to cherish long and guard and hide!



XXXVI

AFTER THE QUARREL

I HURRIED past her stoop to-day,  
Alas, I dared not touch her bell,  
The marble steps are cold and gray.

I turned my anxious eyes away,  
With rage the columns seemed to swell,  
I hurried past her stoop to-day.

And why we fought I cannot say,  
But since that time I've learnt too well  
The marble steps are cold and gray.

Last month we loved the nights away,  
And who would think that I would tell  
I hurried past her stoop to-day?

My life is now in disarray,  
I'll dream to-night that deep in hell  
The marble steps are cold and gray.

Oh meet again we never may,  
So ends my moaning villanelle:  
I hurried past her stoop to-day,  
The marble steps are cold and gray.

## XXXVII

## REPENTANCE

**I** WRITE again; I can refrain no more,  
For time flies on, and why should I delay?  
Were I less jealous, were my heart less sore,  
More courtesy, my dear, could I display;  
But when you smiled at him, an oath I swore:  
To bid your ladyship a long good-day,  
To turn at once the key in friendship's door,  
And go upon my solitary way.

Perhaps you deem that one whose blood is high,  
Will make no futile efforts to explain,  
But Edith, if you wish me to reply,  
I'll ask the lonely days that oft complain  
Of tasks untouched, to tell the reason why  
My ancient pride so soon succumbed to pain:  
Nor will the vague and empty nights deny  
That still I dream of thee, and dream in vain.

How could I know that nothing would endow  
My spirit with a balm for calmness' sake?  
Was it too much for Nature to allow —  
A task that Time refused to undertake?  
As by that bolted door I humbly bow,  
The oath that then I took to-day I break,  
For I am weak and cannot keep my vow,  
And who can argue with a heart's mistake?

The strange perversities that men commit,  
When they desire their passions to impale,  
At times with much relief and benefit,  
Have all been tried by me without avail.  
One reckless time — details I should omit —  
When loneliness had made resistance frail,  
I flung away my love in one mad fit,  
But saw your features thru the darkened veil. . . .

XXXVIII

A RONDELET

WHEN first we met,  
She seemed more cold than words  
can say;

When first we met,  
She spoke so much of etiquette,  
I never thought to see the day,  
When we would kiss the night away,  
When first we met.

XXXIX

A RONDEAU

WHEN baby comes, it means good-by  
To former ways; I'll tell you why,  
Since you're too good to think of it —  
That we deceive our wives a bit,  
Alas, we hardly can deny.

To meet a former flame we try,  
We hate to see our hearts run dry,  
But pranks like these it's time to quit,  
When baby comes.

So potent is an infant's sigh,  
To daddy's watchful ear and eye,  
No more in slippered ease we sit,  
But walk the floor all night with it,  
To Morpheus we say good-by,  
When baby comes.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

WITH tuneful sounds the barge came down the Nile,

And on her couch the queen of Egypt lay;  
While smitten Antony, to gain her smile,  
Well knew that he would cast the world away.

Upon her breast the helpless man forgot  
His former deeds, Octavia and home;  
For in his veins the pulsing blood was hot,  
And fairer Egypt grew to him than Rome.

One night — he was no more a man of Mars —  
All fragrant smells her garden did exhale,  
Then Cleopatra danced beneath the stars,  
And raised for Antony her final veil.

He thought the gates of heaven had unrolled,  
That he, the happy god, far out did lean,  
With burning eyes, that he might much behold  
What Paradise itself had never seen.

## XLI

### THE BARGAIN OF FAUST

**M**Y peaceful days the spring-time ever wrecks,  
For I succumb in high and fevered heat,  
As soon as April's wanton lure of sex  
Begins to warm my blood with Marguerite.

So strong the tides of passion rise and roll,  
That I will kneel at Satan's cloven feet,  
And then, like Faust, I'll barter up my soul,  
If he but give me youth and Marguerite.

XLII

ATLAS

**T**O meet the gods I do not strive to climb,  
The home of Jove I have no strength to  
raid,  
But I can reach at evening's joyous time,  
My Adelaide.

I am not cast in any Titan mold,  
No firmament is on my shoulders laid,  
But Atlas-like upon my knees I hold,  
My Adelaide.



### XLIII

#### SPRING AND SADNESS

**N**OW the chilling breath has ceased to blow,  
And the winds have ceased to moan,  
And the new-born plants in beauty grow,  
But I tramp the hills alone.

Oft I watch the warbler woo its mate,  
Its songs by the breezes blown,  
And an unloved heart calls out to fate,  
Ah, why must I live alone?

And the blooming earth then hears my cry,  
And the hills resound my moan:  
Prepare ye a dismal place to die,  
For the one who lives alone.

XLIV

IN SPRING

THE waddling gander has his goose,  
His passion she inspires;  
And lordly ram with pleasures loose,  
Fulfills his sex desires.

The strutting cock pursues the hen;  
The boar is roused by swine;  
The bull's whole frame is thrilling when  
He starts to love the kine.

XLV

THE CROSS OF SCORN

COQUETTE, the sky is black to-night,  
The world is false and mean,  
And at my heart is hugging tight,  
With grip so great and keen,

A void, an ache, for I have failed  
In love; and sick, forlorn,  
With your indifference I'm nailed  
Upon the Cross of Scorn.

My pain is red and raw and rude,  
Unshamed, I cry aloud,  
For I must walk in solitude,  
Among the throbbing crowd.

A citadel I long assailed,  
But sank, much bruised and torn—  
And in the fall my heart was nailed  
Upon the Cross of Scorn.

XLVI

TO —

**I**N Sunshine or in Shadow's day,  
We two will sail from shore to shore,  
And Love will lead the wondrous way,  
Till Death calls out, No more, no more.

How very gladly would I bless  
The giving up of any prize,  
The biting sting of unsuccess,  
If it but cause your love to rise;

I may be chained by common fears,  
I may not climb the highest steep,  
And I may feel the taunting jeers,  
Yet if thy love I ever keep,

So jauntily we two will sail  
And go unto the farthest shore,  
Thru joyous calm or heavy gale,  
Till Death calls out, No more, no more.

XLVII  
YOUTH

**T**HE dance begins, come choose your mate,  
And do not think of time or fate;  
Once more the wanton waltz strike up,  
And when we're thru we'll pass the cup;  
We'll drink to eyes which brightly shine,  
So pledge your lass and I'll pledge mine;  
Oho, we'll love and loafe and laugh,  
Again we'll sing, again we'll quaff;  
For we are young, and night and day,  
We'll sweetly waste our lives away.

## XLVIII

### A WITHERED ROSE

**D**ESPONDENT I called on Theresa to-day,  
After waiting awhile, to ease the delay,  
I picked from her desk Owen Meredith's book,  
Again thru that story quite ready to look.

The pages I turned, and my heart seemed to  
reel,  
For plainly I saw in the leaves of *Lucile*,  
At the place, at the end of the sixth canto's  
close,  
Theresa had pressed what I gave her — a rose.

My lady, for you such a passion I feel,  
As the Duc de Louvois long felt for Lucile,  
Be my fate more kind, for to-night I propose,  
On the strength, O beloved, of one withered  
rose.

## XLIX

### A PETITION

**D**ISTURBED, but not broken-hearted,  
I learned I must meet you no more,  
I smiled perhaps as we parted,  
And hurried away from your door.

But day by day I am feeling  
A sorrow disquieten my breast,  
While over my heart comes stealing  
A deeper and keener unrest.

And now my memory treasures  
The joys that have come to an end,  
For I think of all the pleasures  
You gave me when you were my friend.

In Summer's glorious weather,  
At Rockaway and Coney's sands,  
We went everywhere together,  
With laughter and holding of hands.

I think how your eyes were glowing,  
How gaily we chatted away,  
The times we idly spent rowing  
On Pelham's azurean Bay.

Is this bliss then lost forever,  
My spirit no more to beguile?  
Your pleasant cheek will I never  
See dimpled again in a smile?

All day I have been so lonely,  
I wandered about in my den,  
And all the time I thought only  
Of seeing your features again.

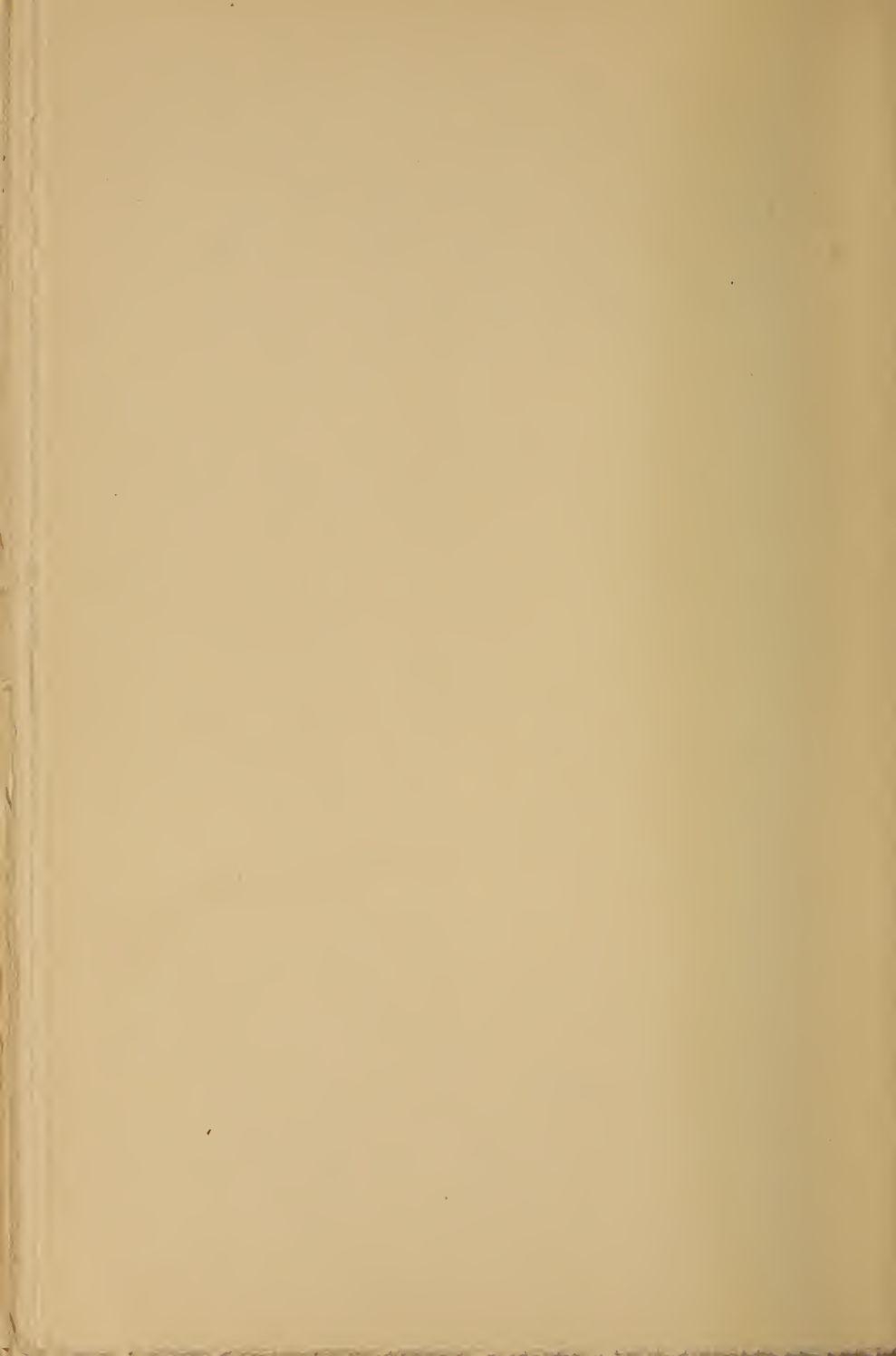
Relent, O little Sultana,  
Admit me once more to your sight,  
What will you say, lovely Anna,  
If I ring your door-bell to-night?



L

FINIS

**P**ERHAPS these songs have made a foe,  
Perhaps they gained a friend;  
Alas, it hardly boots to know,  
So soon we write —“ The End.”





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 391 528 9